

Good Morning 655

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Riverside Idyll for A.B. FRANK LOMAX



When It's Over for You— This is What You're Worth

LAST week we discussed your probable release dates. This week let us look a step beyond and see just what you will have when you walk through the demobilisation hut.

Gratuities, of course, will constitute your mainstay, but in addition, you will be able to claim Resettlement Grants. There will be Resettlement Advice Bureaux in every town throughout the country.

At each bureau there will be a Ministry of Labour expert to assist and advise you in your return to civil employment. Vocational Training, National Insurance, Disablement Complications, Overseas Settlement, Interrupted Apprenticeships, and so on, and so on.

But back to the beginning—your post-war gratuity. No matter to what discharge group you belong, you will get gratuity based on rank and service. The attached scale shows the rates:

If you started in the ranks and have since been commissioned, your war gratuity will be worked out proportionately.

	For each month's service.
O. Seaman	10s.
A.B. Seaman	10s.
L. Seaman	12s.
P.O.	14s.
C.P.O.	16s.
Midshipman	25s.
Sub-Lieut.	30s.
Cmsnd. W.O.	32s.
Lieut.	35s.
Lieut. Cmdr.	40s.
Commander	45s.
Captain	50s.

Gratuities will be paid to all Officers and men who have served over six months and who are honourably discharged.

The gratuity will be assessed on the total period or periods of war service since September 3, 1939.

Continuing RON RICHARDS' CIVVY STREET GUIDE

An O. Seaman who is unmarried, with three years' war service at home, will, on release receive £83 10s. 2d., consisting of £26 2s. 8d. for 56 days' leave pay, a post-war credit of £27 7s. 6d., a civilian outfit valued £12, and a war gratuity of £18. A married O. Seaman would receive £99 0s. 2d., for the same service, while a married P.O. would get £112 6s. 2d.

If you are released in Class A, (age, plus length of service, which is a general rule) you will be granted a minimum of 8 weeks' resettlement leave with full pay, ration or leave allowance, and where applicable, family allowance, dependants' allowance and war service grant.

Payment will be made by an advance on the day of release, the remainder being paid at regular intervals.

You will be granted a further period of leave with pay and allowances on the same basis in respect of foreign service. You will be granted the foreign service leave which is due to you under the normal procedure.

On release, if you have had at least six months' war service, you will be given civilian clothes, and in addition you will be allowed to retain certain articles of Service clothing.

The leave payments already referred to will be paid whether you enter employment during your leave period or not. At the end of your leave you

will be transferred to a class of Reserve from which you would be recalled only in an extreme emergency.

War gratuity and post-war credit, if admissible, will be paid to you as soon as possible after release.

On release you will be able to exercise your reinstatement rights, and go back to your former civil employment or obtain employment where you wish.

If you have no job to which to return, the Ministry of Labour and National Service will give you every assistance in finding one. During the period in which you are receiving the regular Service payments you won't have to work if you don't want to.

If you have obtained a job during your period of paid leave, you will not be withdrawn from it. But if, after the end of your paid leave, you are unemployed or become unemployed and are available for work, it will be open to the Ministry of Labour and National Service to direct you to work.

If you are nominated for and accept release in Class B (specialists for reconstruction work only) you will be given three weeks' transfer leave with full pay, ration or leave allowance and war service grant. Any payment in respect of war gratuity or post-war credit to which you may be entitled and foreign service leave will be granted in accordance with the normal procedure.

On release, you will be given civilian clothes in addition to certain articles of Service clothing which you will be allowed to retain. At the end of your leave you will be transferred to a special class of the Reserve from which you could be recalled in an emergency.

You will be directed to the reconstruction employment for which you are being released. You will be liable to recall to the Forces if you give up the reconstruction employment without permission of the National Service Officer of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

Once you have been released in Class B, you will not later be eligible to apply for inclusion in Class A. If, however, your turn for release in Class A is reached before you are dispersed you will be released in Class A, and not in Class B.

In the booklet which the Government has prepared for you, you will find the answers to a lot of your post-war problems. You may, however, want some further guidance about the subjects dealt with in the booklet, or help in filling up official forms and there may be other problems facing you; problems concerned with your business, your home and family, and your own personal

affairs on which you may feel the need for advice.

And that is where the Resettlement Officer comes in. The Resettlement Advice Office will be able to give you general information about all such problems and tell you exactly where and how to apply for the assistance which you seek.

Whatever your problem (no matter how unusual it may be, or how doubtful you feel about getting help from an "official" service), the Resettlement Advisory Officers will be ready to do everything in their power to help you solve your difficulties.

These officers have been specially trained, and many of them are ex-Service men and women.

They have been supplied with full information, and if it should happen that they cannot dispose of your problem finally at the Resettlement Advice Office they will, at least, put you on the right road for getting the help and advice you need.

One thing more. Some of you may feel doubtful about discussing your personal and domestic problems with an officer of a Government Department, but this need not worry you.

At the Resettlement Advice Offices all interviews will be held in private and so you will be able to discuss your problem quite freely, and in the strictest confidence with the Advisory Officers.

They, for their part, will do everything possible to avoid an "official" atmosphere, and they will try to deal with your problems and worries in a friendly way.

Remember, they are there to help you and are just as keen to assist you to get back into normal civilian life as you are keen to get settled.

If your problem is that of getting a job you should go to a Local Office or Appointments Office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service. There are in Great Britain 1,224 Local Offices. Their main function is to bring men and women seeking employment into touch with suitable employers.

At Appointments Offices a specialist employment service is available to meet the needs of men and women who on their release will be seeking higher appointments than those normally dealt with in the Employment Exchanges.

If you have qualifications for a professional, technical, administrative, managerial or supervisory post and need a job you should register at an Appointments Office.

At each Appointments Office there will be a Register of Opportunities of Employment for those who have had little or no previous experience and who will be looking for a job with prospects of advancement to an administrative or executive post in commerce or in the business side of industry.

If you are looking for such a job you will be able to obtain particulars of available vacancies at an Appointments Office.

And finally Resettlement Grants.

BY the River Wallington at Christmas, and this is now his Fareham lives Mrs. Ethel Lomax and baby Frank, aged 15 months. Baby is also very fond of his Nannie. Unfortunately, she has not been well, and Mrs. Lomax has had to nurse her mother as well as look after baby, so she has had her hands full. However, Mrs. Wassell was on the mend when our reporter called.

Our photographer found them at 1, Riverside Terrace, so, with the river for a background, he took this picture for Able Seaman Frank Lomax.

Baby is quite a chubby little chap, and took a kind of speculative interest in the proceedings. You can see, Frank, he is rather wondering what it is all about.

Mrs. Lomax told us he is full of life and vigour, and we can quite believe it. Her brothers think he is "tops" and make a great playmate of him when they are home from work. His aunties Ethel and Queenie are also delighted to get a chance to take him out.

Remember your own rambles with him, Frank, on your last leave? He is quite a cute youngster, and when your wife shows him your photo every night before she puts him to bed, he knows it is "Dad, dad."

He has an old goliwog which Cousin Betty gave him at stream.

Incidentally, the family have lost their allotment. Fred Wassell had it all cleaned up ready for planting this spring, but the land was required for other purposes. Now he can only do his "digging for victory" in the garden!

Mrs. Lomax tells us, Frank, that she writes to your own people every week, and that your mother and dad like to hear from you. Her own message from herself and baby is that they hope you will be able to return soon. They both want you back.

Then you'll be able to relax by the River Wallington again, and maybe you'll be able to "tickle" some of the very fine trout which are still left in the stream.

The Government have prepared a scheme, to come into operation after the end of the war in Europe, which will assist those who left businesses of their own for service in the Forces and need help to get going again. The scheme also applies, with certain conditions noted below, to those disabled by war service who were not previously in business.

Should you have been in a business of your own, or in work on your own account, before joining the Forces, and need assistance to restart (e.g. for fitting up premises, obtaining equipment, tools, initial stocks and so on) you will be able to apply for a grant from the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

You may also apply if you have been disabled by war service and wish to set up on your own, even though you were not engaged in business or work on your own account before joining the Forces.

But you will have to show that your disability is of a kind which justifies a grant being made for the purpose, and that your resettlement is more likely to be helped in this way than by your taking employment, with or without training.

The intention is to give a reasonable amount of assistance to enable you to get going, where it can be shown that your own resources, including, of course, your war gratuities and post-war credits, are insufficient for the purpose. The maximum grant will be £150.

Within this limit, the amount granted will vary according to the needs of the business and the contributions which you

can reasonably be expected to make yourselves.

Special short courses of training in simple book-keeping, buying and selling and allied subjects will be available under the training scheme, but this will deal with in another article.

Before you can be considered for a grant, you will have to clear the question of any licence or permit which you may have to obtain from the Government Department concerned for opening the business, obtaining supplies, etc. The Resettlement Advice Office will be able to tell you about this.

The scheme does not apply to assistance for the resettlement on the land of those of you who were working holdings on your own account before joining the Forces. This will be dealt with under separate arrangements by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and the Department of Agriculture for Scotland.

Grants will not be made under the scheme for resettlement in business outside Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Odd Jobs Await L.S. Ron Vaughan



YOUR mother is waiting to welcome her sons back to 4, Kingsfield Terrace, Harrow, Middlesex. Leading Seaman Ron Vaughan, and after spending half an hour with her we envy you the welcome.

You were no doubt pleased to hear that your twin brother Cecil had his posting cancelled, and was recalled from embarkation leave, which sounds lucky for him. Leslie is still in Holland, and your brother-in-law is at the other front in Italy.

Your father is still working hard, and putting in long hours, but so, for that matter, are Kitty and Elsie.

With them away most of the day, there are a lot of odd jobs that need attending to around

the house, jobs which will probably await your master touch. But don't go taking that wireless set to pieces again; your mother wants to listen to it occasionally.

Anyway, Ron, she is certainly looking forward to your return, and even if you do take the inside out of the wireless, we have an idea she won't really mind.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

BLIND

ALAS for the man and for the artist with the shifting point of perspective! Life shall be a confusion of ways to the one; the landscape shall rise up and confound the other.

Take the case of Lorison.

At one time he appeared to himself to be the feeblest of fools; at another he conceived that he followed ideals so fine that the world was not yet ready to accept them. During one mood he cursed his folly; possessed by the other, he bore himself with a serene grandeur akin to greatness; in neither did he attain the perspective.

Generations before, the name had been "Larsen." His race had bequeathed him its fine-strung, melancholy temperament, its saving balance of thrift and industry.

From this point of perspective he saw himself an outcast from society, for ever to be a shady skulker along the ragged edge of respectability; a denizen des trois-quartz de monde, that pathetic spheroid lying between the haut and the demi, whose inhabitants envy each of their neighbours, and are scorned by both.

He was self-condemned to this opinion as he was self-exiled, through it, to this quaint Southern city a thousand miles from his former home. Here he had dwelt for longer than a year, knowing but few, keeping in a subjective world of shadows which was invaded at times by the perplexing bulks of jarring realities. Then he fell in love with a girl whom he met in a cheap restaurant, and his story begins.

The place is known as "Antonio's," as the name, while upon the red-lit transparency, and gilt upon the windows, attests. There is a promise in "Antonio"; a justifiable ex-

pectancy of savoury things in oil and pepper and wine, and perhaps an angel's whisper of garlic. But the rest of the name is "O'Riley," Antonio O'Riley!

It was at this restaurant that Lorison first saw the girl.

A flashy fellow with a predatory eye had followed her in, and had advanced to take the other chair at the little table where she stopped, but Lorison slipped into the seat before him. Their acquaintance began, and grew, and now for two months they had sat at the same table each evening, not meeting by appointment, but as if by a series of fortuitous and happy accidents.

After dining, they would take a walk together in one of the little city parks, or among the panoramic markets where exhibits a continuous vaudeville of sights and sounds. Always at eight o'clock their steps led them to a certain street corner, where she prettily but firmly bade him good night and left him. "I do not live far from here," she fre-

quently said, "and you must let me go the rest of the way alone."

But now Lorison had discovered that he wanted to go the rest of the way with her, or happiness would depart, leaving him on a very lonely corner of life. And at the same time that he made the discovery, the secret of his banishment from the society of the good laid its finger in his face and told him it must not be.

On this night, after the usual meal at the Carabine d'Or, he strolled with his companion down the dim old street towards the river.

As they walked, he smiled to himself to think that all he knew of her—except that he loved her—was her name, Norah Greenway, and that she

lived with her brother. They had talked about everything except themselves. Perhaps her reticence had been caused by his.

They came, at length, upon the levee, and sat upon a great, prostrate beam. The air was pungent with the dust of commerce. The great river slipped yellowly past. Across it Algiers lay, a longitudinal black bulk against a vibrant electric haze sprinkled with exact stars.

The girl was young and of the piquant order. A certain bright melancholy pervaded her; she possessed an untarnished, pale prettiness doomed to please. Her voice, when she spoke, dwarfed her theme. It was the voice capable of investing little subjects with a large interest.

She sat at ease, bestowing her skirts with the little womanly touch, serene as if the begrimed pier were a summer garden. Lorison poked the rotting boards with his cane.

He began by telling her that he was in love with someone to whom he durst not speak of it. "And why not?" she asked, accepting swiftly his fatuous presentation of a third

person of straw. "My place in the world," he answered, "is none to ask a woman to share. I am an outcast from honest people; I am wrongly accused of one crime, and am, I believe, guilty of another."

Thence he plunged into the story of his abdication from society. The story, pruned of his moral philosophy, deserves no more than the slightest touch. It is no new tale, that of the gambler's declension.

During one night's sitting he lost, and then had imperilled a certain amount of his employer's money, which, by accident, he carried with him. He continued to lose, to the last wager, and then began to gain, leaving the game winner to a somewhat formidable sum. The same night his employer's safe was robbed. A search was had; the winnings of Lorison were found in his room, their total forming an accusative nearness to the sum purloined. He was taken, tried, and, through incomplete evidence, released, smothered with the sinister *devoire* of a disagreeing jury.

"It is not in the unjust accusation," he said to the girl, "that my burden lies, but in

the knowledge that from the moment I staked the first dollar of the firm's money I was a criminal—no matter whether I lost or won. You see why it is impossible for me to speak of love to her."

"It is a sad thing," said Norah, after a little pause, "to think what very good people there are in the world."

"Good?" said Lorison.

"I was thinking of this superior person whom you say you love. She must be a very poor sort of creature."

"I do not understand," "Nearly," she continued, "as poor a sort of creature as yourself."

"You do not understand," said Lorison, removing his hat and sweeping back his fine, light hair. "Suppose she loved me in return, and were willing to marry me. Think, if you can, what would follow. Never a day would pass but she would be reminded of her sacrifice. I would read a condescension in her smile, a pity even in her affection, that would madden me. No. The thing would stand between us for ever. Only equals should mate. I could

(Continued on Page 3)

MAN'S

HOLIDAY

story by O. HENRY

QUIZ for today

5. Who was the goddess of Spring?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—9, 4, 6, 2, 5, 3, 8.

Answers to Quiz in No. 654

- Schist is a pimple, musical direction, kind of rock, dress material, pigment?
- Which country produces most aluminium ore?
- How old is Mr. Churchill this year?
- About what is the value of a shekel?

- Sucking-fish.
- Winston Churchill.
- (a) Legendary dragon, (b) goods thrown overboard and marked with a buoy.
- Bald-headed man.
- Nine.
- Translation involves change of language, others don't.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

THE oldest existing local newspaper is probably "Berrow's Worcester Journal," which originally appeared as far back as 1690 under the title of "Worcester News Sheet," and later as the "Worcester Post-man." The present title was adopted in 1753.

In those days there were few publications for specialised readers, and trade papers were practically unknown. To-day almost every conceivable branch of human activity has its own journal. Did you know, for example, that there are papers catering for the interests of lay readers, young musicians, gas workers, Land Girls, Alpine climbers, vegetarians, undertakers, pawnbrokers, goatkeepers, plumbers, and Oddfellows?

Bell-ringers read "The Ringing World," non-smokers subscribe to "Clean Air," and showmen support the "World's Fair." The flavouring industry has its own journal, and even chess and draughts players are not forgotten. "Conchology" is the name of a journal specially produced for collectors of shells, and there are several papers for cat and dog lovers!



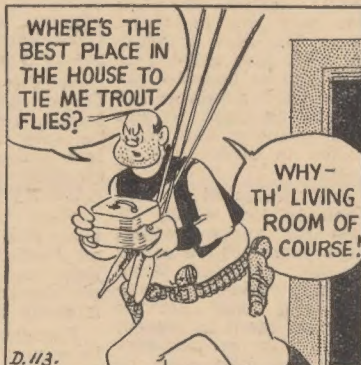
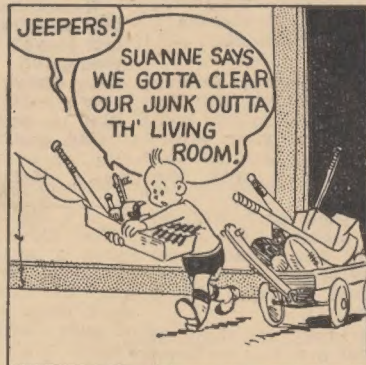
WHAT are job prospects in Wales? Civvy Street? The question is becoming more urgent now that the war's end is coming in fast. Well, one answer is SILK STOCKINGS!! That sounds queer. What it means is that Wales, for generations dependent for work on the big basic industries of coal, iron, steel and tinplate, is going to change its face in the post-war world. Hitherto its eggs have all been in the one basket of the big industries.

Between the wars, when the slump came, it was left stranded high and dry as prosperity tide in coal went out. In the war, and more so in peace, Wales is to carry out a vast programme of development of lighter industries, so that more work and of a greater variety will be available. So that, although we must still depend upon the big trades—coal-mines to-day even employ 112,000—for bulk employment, there will be a host of new industries to give greater scope and protection.



"What's a G.I. girdle?" "Something to keep the waves out of the W.A.C.s."

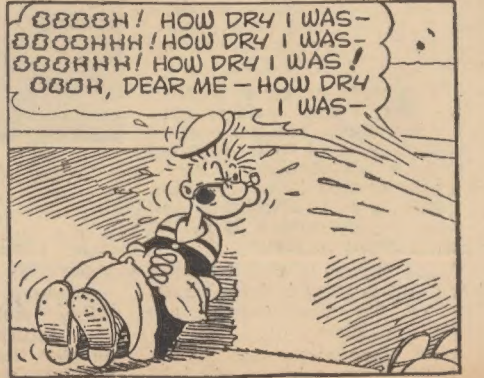
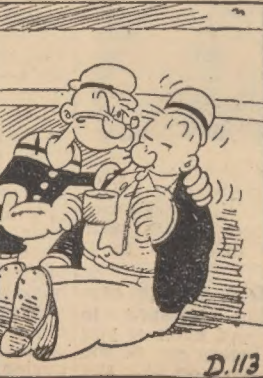
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 594

- 1. Behead a builder's implement and get a serpent.
- 2. Add two letters to a famous soldier, shuffle them, and get a coin.
- 3. Of what common word is DERRA the exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: You are not being funny, though you — that your chatter — me.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 593

- 1. C-over.
- 2. NERO — AG, ORANGE.
- 3. ScaPEGOat.
- 4. Ample, maple.

JANE

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 2)

never ask her to come down upon my lower plane.

An arc light faintly shone upon Lorison's face. An illumination from within also pervaded it.

The girl saw the rapt, ascetic look; it was the face either of Sir Galahad or Sir Fool.

"Quite starlike," she said. "is this unapproachable angel. Really too high to be grasped."

"By me, yes."

She faced him suddenly. "My dear friend, would you prefer your star fallen?" Lorison made a wide gesture.

"You push me to the bald fact," he declared; "you are not in sympathy with my argument. But I will answer you so. If I could reach my particular star, to drag it down, I would not do it; but if it were fallen, I would pick it up,

and thank Heaven for the privilege."

They were silent for some minutes. Norah shivered and thrust her hands deep into the pockets of her jacket. Lorison uttered a remorseful exclamation.

"I'm not cold," she said. "I was just thinking. I ought to tell you something. You have selected a strange confidante. But you cannot expect a chance acquaintance, picked up in a doubtful restaurant, to be an angel."

"Norah!" cried Lorison. "Let me go on. You have told me about yourself. We have been such good friends. I must tell you now what I never wanted you to know. I am—worse than you are. I was on the stage... I sang in the chorus... I was pretty bad, I guess... I stole diamonds from the prima donna... they arrested me... I gave most

of them up, and they let me go... I drank wine every night... a great deal... I was very wicked, but—"

Lorison knelt quickly by her side and took her hands.

"Dear Norah!" he said, exultantly. "It is you, it is you I love! You never guessed it, did you? 'Tis you I meant all the time. Now I can speak. Let me make you forget the past. We have both suffered; let us shut out the world, and live for each other. Norah, do you hear me say I love you?"

"In spite of—"

"Rather say because of it. You have come out of your past noble and good. Your heart is an angel's. Give it to me."

"A little while ago you feared the future too much to even speak."

"But for you; not for myself. Can you love me?"

She cast herself, wildly sobbing, upon his breast.

"Better than life—than truth itself—than everything."

"And my own past," said Lorison, with a note of solicitude—"can you forgive and—"

"I answered you that," she whispered, "when I told you I loved you." She leaned away and looked thoughtfully at him. "If I had not told you about myself, would you have—would you—"

"No," he interrupted, "I would never have let you know I loved you. I would never have asked you this—Norah, will you be my wife?"

She wept again.

"Oh, believe me; I am good now—I am no longer wicked! I will be the best wife in the world. Don't think I am—bad any more. If you do I shall die, I shall die!"

While he was consoling her, she brightened up, eager and impetuous. "Will you marry

me to-night?" she said. "Will you prove it that way? I have a reason for wishing it to be to-night. Will you?"

Of one of two things was this exceeding frankness the outcome; either of importunate brazenness or of utter innocence. The lover's perspective contained only the one.

"The sooner," said Lorison, "the happier I shall be."

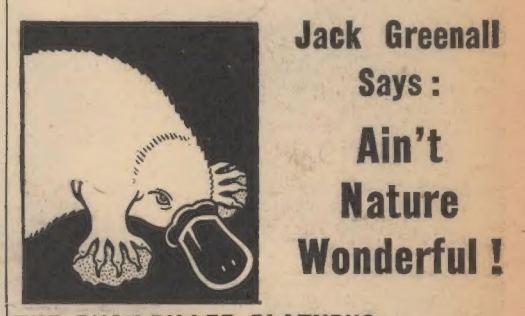
"What is there to do?" she asked. "What do you have to get? Come! You should know."

Her energy stirred the dreamer to action.

"A city directory first," he cried gaily, "to find where the man lives who gives licences to happiness. We will go together and rout him out. Cabs, cars, policemen, telephones and ministers shall aid us."

"Father Rogan shall marry us," said the girl, with ardour. "I will take you to him."

(To be continued)



Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS.

THE Duck-billed Platypus is something that ought never to have happened. Nature started it as a bird, changed her mind, decided on a reptile, then throwing discretion to the four winds, turned the whole mess into a mammal. Its duck-like beak has the look of old leather, and probably tastes like it, too.

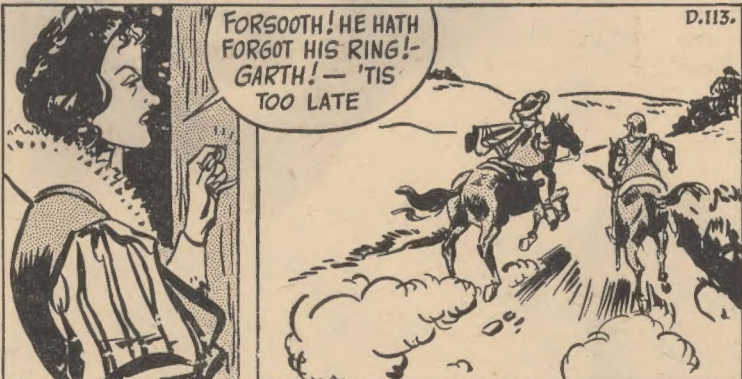
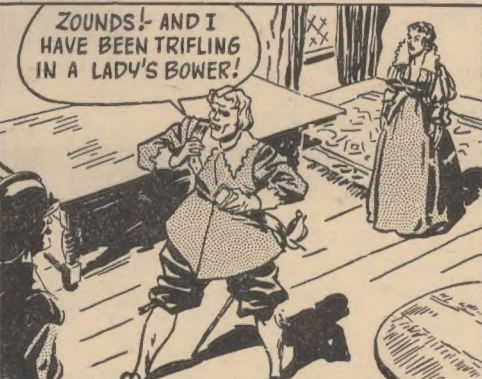
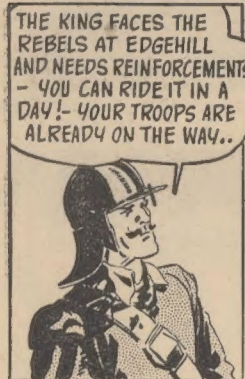
The Platypus lays eggs, as far as I know unrationed, and grows like a pup. Don't we all at times? He fools his life away looking for worms and insects (what taste!) and has no teeth.

But don't think by that you can get away with anything. When all-in, he pulls his tail over his "nut" and calls it a day. Young Platypuses are born naked, like us, and at first the parents don't recognise them, proving a lot of explaining has to be done on both sides.

UGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Off. 5 Foreign coin. 10 Head worker. 11 Poem. 12 Ass. 13 School form. 15 On. 17 Girl's name. 18 Lettuce. 20 Continent. 22 Deal with. 24 Attack. 27 Dog. 29 Fuss. 30 Den. 32 Vex. 34 Make beloved. 36 Yorkshire river. 38 Nothing. 39 Musical performance. 40 Parts of play. 41 Information.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Influenza. 2 Court. 3 Stir-up. 4 Dog's cry. 5 Mends. 6 Pronoun. 7 Diving bird. 8 Notified. 9 Marsh plant. 14 Signify. 16 Promise. 19 Constitutional. 21 One of U.S.A. 23 Piece of ground. 25 Salvo. 26 Drying clothes. 28 Giants. 30 Glass. 31 Unoccupied. 33 Joint of meat. 35 Remain. 37 Observed.

THE "GOOD MORNING" ART GALLERY

Ever solicitous for the cultural welfare of submariners, the Editor has decided to print from time to time examples of "modern" pictures worthy to hang beside the Old Masters. (At least, we think those were the words the goon used.)

MASTERPIECE NO. 1.

"Before the Storm," by Warners.

The artist has succeeded in capturing the breathless stillness and the sultry heat of a summer's day at the moment before the thunderstorm breaks. Any dope not interested in art may care to know that the model's name is Lauren Bacall.



MASTERPIECE NO. 2.

"Sunshine after Rain," by Universal.

Here, the clouds have been chased away and the sunshine is just breaking through again. The prevailing feeling is one of intense freshness. Any submariner who has come in to shelter from the rain, and feels suddenly affected by the pervading "freshness," will no doubt be grateful for the information that the cutie's (sorry, model's) name is Ellen Drew.

